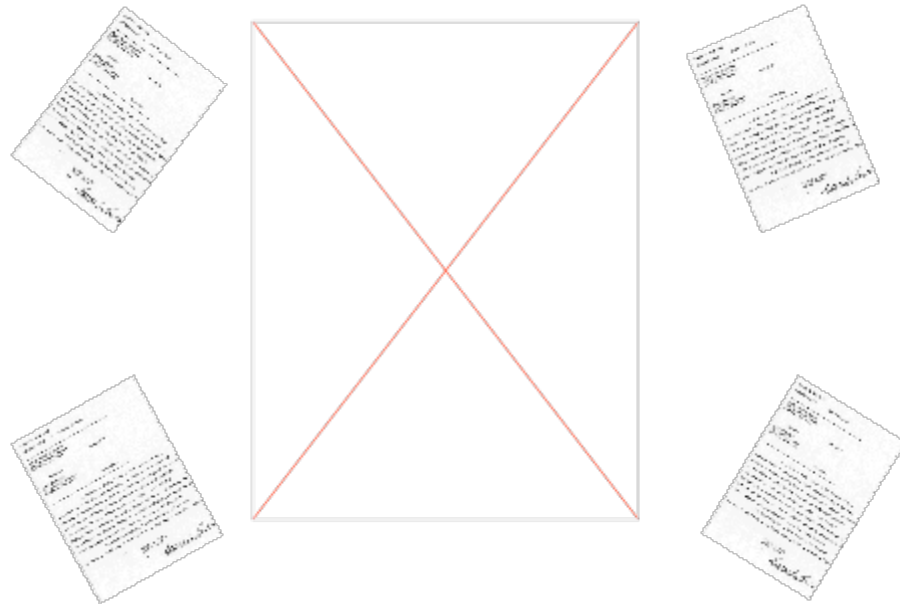


The List of Friendship



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Chapter I

Alexa sat on the purple, plush couch, waiting by the door. She was bouncing a tennis ball off the wall, trying to pass time, and trying to get rid of her anger and anxiety. The silence was interrupted when her mom burst through the door. She just came back from court, and Alexa had not been happy about the whole situation. She thought it was ridiculous that her mom got divorced already, because it's only been a month.

"Well, it's settled, we're officially divorced," she declared.

"You realize it's only been a month, right? Well at least I don't have to be step sisters with Samantha anymore," She said disgusted, Alexa hated Sam more than anything.

"You should be nice to Sam she's the only one you're going to know going into middle school," she yelled, trying to convince her.

With all of her anger, Alexa threw the tennis ball and stormed out. She was absolutely done with her mother. Ever since her dad died, her mother has been going from guy, to guy, to guy. You can't even count the number of times she's been divorced, and the number of houses they've lived at. Samantha was another thing; Alexa tried multiple times to talk to her, but Samantha was an eighth grader who thought she was the coolest and prettiest girl ever. Her mom and step dad would always try to force them to be friends, but it would never work out

It was getting late, and her first day of school was tomorrow, so Alexa decided to forget about the argument, and just went to bed. Before she knew it, it was time to go to school. When she got inside, the halls were congested with people everywhere, she had no idea where to go, and she was still

taking everything in. Alexa was staring at her schedule, not paying attention to anything else. She didn't even notice the seventh grader in front of her. Alexa slammed into her.

"Oh, sorry," Alexa cowardly stuttered.

"Yeah, you should be," the seventh grader jostled into her. Alexa isn't the type of person to back down. She always had stuck up for herself.

"Come on now, don't be like that," Alexa said boldly. She pushed the seventh grader. That's what triggered it. She would momentarily regret she did that. Before she knew it, there was a right hook coming towards her face.

Alexa's whole body lost feeling. She dropped to the ground with no control, her heart beating out of her chest. Her vision was starting to blur, her big, deep blue eyes fighting to stay open. Through her dizziness, she saw a familiar face...it couldn't be, but it had to be...the person she saw was helping her? The seventh grader ran away with fear all over her face. That was the last thing Alexa saw before she blacked out.

It was like she was having some strange dream; but all she could remember was that Sam was helping her. But what for she thought? Her mind was racing, trying to find the truth. Her mind was getting more vivid now; she could feel her eyelids gradually opening. She finally came to. The first thing she saw was Sam.

"How are you feeling?" Samantha asked casually.

Alexa suddenly felt the pain in her head. Then she noticed her surroundings, she was in the bed in the nurses office, an icepack on her aching head.

"You helped me?" Alexa questioned.

"Look, I know I've been really horrible to you, and I'm sorry about that. It's just that I knew I was eventually going to lose you, so I thought if I kept you away, it would prevent use both from getting hurt when our parents got divorced. But then I saw you there, helpless, and no one deserves to go

through something like that, I had to do something. Right then and there, I knew instantly I made a mistake separating myself from you.”

Alexa didn't know what to say, all of this was so unexpected.

“Um, thank you,” that was the best she could come up with.

“So I can see you're having a little bit of trouble adjusting, just like I did. But, when I was in sixth grade, there was nobody there to help me, so I want to make it better for you. ,” Samantha pulled out a piece of paper, and wrote at the top The Unwritten Rules of Middle School. “I'm making up for the all of the times I was mean to you now. So, I going to make a promise to you, as long as we're in school, I'll be there for you, and help you get through all of the situations, like what happened today. The best way that I can think of to do this is create a list.” Under the title she wrote, she wrote, “Rule #1: don't mess with upperclassman.” Sam repeated that rule out loud to Alexa. And that's what began the list to survive middle school, but more importantly, that's what began the start to Samantha and Alexa's friendship.

Ruining their moment, the nurse walked in, it was the first time Alexa had seen her, and quite frankly, she was scary. She was wearing way to much make-up that looked like it was done by a four-year-old, probably trying to cover up her many wrinkles.

“You don't have a concussion or anything, but we still have to send you home, it's the school's policy,” her voice was rough and cold, it gave Alexa the chills

“See you ,” Sam tomorrow told Alexa as she walked out. Within a few minutes, Alexa's mother came to pick her up. As she expected, her mom didn't mention the fight at all. All she did was talk about work.

“Look, things are going to change now. My job is laying off many people, and thankfully I'm not one of them. But there's one condition , I have to work more hours. So, you're going to have to walk to the subway, and take the subway every day to and from school. At first, I was a little uncomfortable with

that, and here's the part you won't like, so I arranged for you to go with Sam everyday, I talked to her dad, and she comes past our house everyday. So, you'll just meet her here, and go, it's going to be the same thing coming home," their car pulled up in the driveway.

Alexa knew her mother thought she would be unhappy about this, but really inside, she was thrilled. Since Sam was in eighth grade, they would never see each other, but because of the arrangement, they would get to see each other every day! Alexa knew that her mother wouldn't really care about her new friendship, so she just said okay and walked away.

Chapter 2

Every day middle school was getting easier. Alexa even had a routine every day now; she would wake up at 7:00, at 7:45 Sam would come, they would walk to the subway, and get to school at about 8:00 to 8:15, to start school at 8:30. She would do the same thing to get home, when she got home she would do her homework, and by the time she was done her mom would get home. It's been a couple weeks since the fight Alexa had, and she was just now going to the guidance counselor, there was a big mix up, but Alexa didn't mind because she was totally dreading to see Kate's face again. She walked to see the guidance counselor with a big cheesy smile on her face. Alexa observed her surroundings. Everything there was about making peace, and not fighting, and everybody being friends in a perfect world. Whatever it was, it wasn't reality she thought to herself.

"Sit down," the guidance counselor said with a chirpy voice. Alexa saw Kate already sitting there. "So I see you guys are having a little bit of social issues. Well, I'm here to show you guys that you can be friends, and how you shouldn't be mad at each other, and more importantly that violence is never the answer..." Alexa just zoned after that, all of it was nonsense. When she got out, she met Sam in the hallway.

"All she did was tell us that we should forgive each other and be friends. She didn't even give her detention!" Alexa yelled angrily.

"I figured that would happen. So, that brings us to rule number two; never get teachers involved with social issues," Sam recorded that rule on to their list. As they were talking, the most popular sixth grader in school, walked beside them. Alexa stared at him as he flipped his luscious blond, curly hair. His smile could light the room, along with his forest green eyes. Anthony Stevens, she thought, what a beautiful name. Her daze was broken by the sound of the bell, school was finally over.

Weeks and months went by, and their friendship was even stronger now. They had a bunch of rules now, and the paper was getting filled up with memories. It was the end of March, and just like every day, Alexa was meeting Sam at her locker so they could leave. Alexa walked by Anthony.

"Hey" he said, "do you want to go out with me?" he asked.

Alexa couldn't believe it, excitement struck her whole body, as she immediately replied, "I would love to."

Then, unexpectedly, he started cracking up, "you actually think that I would go out with you, a nonentity...ha ha," Anthony laughed, "yeah right," and he walked away.

Tears welled up in side of her. She ran out school as fast as she could so nobody could see the tears she was sobbing out. Alexa even ignored Sam the whole way home. After Alexa got home, and did her homework, her mom walked in the door. She was going on another date, so she pretty much just got ready, said goodbye, and left again. While Alexa was home, there was a knock at her door, it was Sam.

"Hey, are you okay? I was really worried, and I saw what happened, I think we need to talk about it," they both sat down, "Well, first; rule don't associate yourself with popular kids, (unless you're one of them)," Sam chuckled. Alexa forced out a laugh, but she could feel tears coming.

That was the difference between Sam, and every other “friend” Alexa has had. Sam was the type that always knew what to do, and how to make her happy. The two had plans of doing many different fun things, but just like any other girls, they just ended up talking the whole time. They already had eight rules, so they were just flashing back and laughing about the stories that paper held. Then the conversation got serious.

“Has your mom been any better?” Sam asked with sympathy.

Alexa hated talking about the subject, but she couldn’t avoid it any more that it was out in the open. She could feel the words pouring out.

“My mom used to be great, when she was with my dad. Life was great, before he died he was building a house for us to live in, he was always good at building. He was just finishing the last couple details, when he got into the car accident. The house is just abandoned now, my mom can’t go back there. But for me, I’d do anything to go back there, because all of the memories I had there were happy. I know exactly where to go to, 56 Altamont Rd, I could get there blind folded,” Alexa choked out.

For the first time she could remember, Sam didn’t know what to say. But she did what she could, she was there for Alexa, and Alexa always knew that.

Chapter 3:

The next day Sam showed up at Alexa’s house, like every other day. When she knocked, something felt different. When she realized what was going on, it seemed as all of the blood left her body. She became pale and cold; nobody was in the house, Alexa was missing. Every different scenario flew through her head making every one of her memories blurry. How could this be happening? Then it all connected; Alexa’s mother was probably on another date, so Alexa got found and found it a perfect opportunity to run away to the house her dad built. But what was the address? There was so much to think about, but one thing was certain, Sam had to find her.

“Flash back,” she thought she remembered the address, 56 Altamont Rd. She wrote down on her hand so she wouldn’t forget it again. Sam knew she had to act fast, and no taxis would take kids around, so she grabbed her bike. She raced down from road to road, trying to find the house. She weaved in and out of cars carelessly, paying attention to the road. There was so many cars it was unbelievable. She saw a familiar face up the road, Alexa. Suddenly she realized what was happening; a truck was coming. But Alexa was facing the other way, she was about to get hit. Then, Sam threw her bike down and with all of her energy sprinted down the road. But no amount of speed seemed to be fast enough. She tackled Alexa out of the way a split second before the truck crushed her

Chapter 4:

Alexa felt a sudden force, but it wasn’t strong enough to a truck. She flew to the curb and pounded to the ground, she should’ve guessed, it was Sam.

“A-are... y-you... o-okay,” Sam stuttered still in shock.

“Yeah, I’m fine,” Alexa replied. Then she glanced over and saw her arm.

“Does it hurt?” Sam asked pointing to a cut on Alexa’s arm, the thick, red blood trickling down her pale arm.

“No,” Alexa lied pulling it away.

“You know, just because something hurts, it doesn’t make you weak, to say that it hurts. Just by admitting it makes you the stronger person.”

Alexa thought about that, Sam was right, she’s always been like that. Maybe it was because of her up bringing or maybe it was just her personality.

“Okay, why does my mother have to be like this, and I’m now admitting it, it hurts when she’s goes on dates, and gets divorced. I just don’t understand why she has to be like this?” Alexa cried, trying not to scream in frustration.

“Look, I might be able to create a list to explain middle school, but there’s no list to explain life. But one thing that I can promise you, is that no matter what, in school or out, I will always be there for you. So that brings us to our last and final rule. Rule #10: True friends are there for you no matter what happens,” Tears began to stream down and dripped on the white-lined paper as she wrote the down the last rule, the rule that probably contained the best memory Sam and Alexa had together. All that happened before they were friends was now over. All of the times Sam had made fun or hurt Alexa, had now vanished.

All that mattered was the friendship they now shared.